

# *The EXECUTION of* **LOUIS XVI.**

On the 21st. of JANUARY, 1793.

ON Sunday, when the King's Counsel visited him in the Temple, *Mr. de Maleherbes*, one of them, said to him—"Prince, you have courage; I ought not to conceal from you that your sentence is pronounced."—"So much the better," answered Louis, "*this* relieves me from uncertainty." He walked pensively for a considerable time; towards noon called for a Confessor; and in the evening was composed, and conversed about indifferent matters.

AGREEABLE to a resolution of the provisional Executive Counsel, the devoted Monarch of France was taken from the Temple, soon after eight o'clock in the morning of Monday, the 21st. of January, 1793: he wore a great coat, of the fashion of those which are commonly worn without other coats by the French, of a fawn colour, black silk breeches and stockings, altogether neat, and his hair was dressed.

The Royal Victim sat in the Mayor's carriage, with his Confessor, by his side, praying very fervently, and two Captains of the National Light Horse on the front seat. The carriage was drawn by two black horses, preceded by the Mayor, General Santerre, Governor of Paris, and other Municipal Officers. One squadron of horse, with trumpeters and kettle-drums, led the van of the melancholy convoy; three pieces of heavy ordnance, with proper implements, and cannoneers with lighted matches, went before the vehicle, which was escorted on both sides by a treble row of troopers.

The train moved on with a slow pace from the Temple along the Boulevards, which were planted with cannon, and lined with National Guards, drums beating, trumpets sounding, and colours flying, to the place of the Revolution; the distance from the Temple about two English miles. The *Guillotine* was erected in the middle of the Square, directly facing the gate of the garden of the Thuilleries, between the Pedestal on which the Equestrian Statue of the Grandfather of

Louis was standing, before the 10th. of August, and the avenues which lead to the Groves, called the Elysian Fields. The trotting and neighing of horses, the shrill sound of the trumpets, and the continual beating of drums, pierced the ears of every body, and heightened the terrors of the awful scene.

The Scaffold was high and conspicuous, and the houses surrounding the place of execution were full of women, who looked through the windows, as they were not allowed to be kept open; the very slates which covered the roofs, were raised up, for the curious and interested to peep through.

The King alighted from his carriage, at a quarter past ten o'clock, ascended the steps of the Scaffold with heroic assurance—every feature of his majestic countenance bespoke the calm serenity of conscious innocence, and the fortitude of the Christian.

Having taken leave of his Confessor, who shed a thousand tears, he beckoned with his hand to be heard; the noise of the warlike instruments ceased for a moment; but soon after a thousand voices vociferated, with detestable ferocity, "*No speeches! No speeches!*" The unfortunate Monarch wrung his hands, lifted them up towards Heaven, and with agony in his eyes and gesture, exclaimed, distinctly enough to be heard by those persons who were near to the Scaffold. "*To thee, O God, I commend my soul! I forgive all my enemies—I die innocent!*" His head was immediately after severed from his body, and the blood-thirsty *Sans Culottes*, and *Jacobines* waved their hats in the air, exclaiming, "*God save the Nation!*" The music struck up *Ca ira!* and the Body was immediately removed in a black coffin, to a Church a little distance off, called the Magdalen, where it was interred without the least ceremony. The procession returned to the Temple in full gallop, and the sworn Deputies went to make their report of the Execution.